

Do Not Open
Molly O.,
8B

It had all started out on a bright summer day, when I was doing my usual morning routine. I got out of bed, got my breakfast, and slugged down onto the couch for some TV. Right as I scooped up my first bite of Honey Nut Cheerio's someone knocked on the door. It was the mailman and of course he had some letters, but he was also lugging this huge cardboard box.

“Sign here please?” asked the mailman.

“Okay, and what exactly is in it?” I curiously asked.

“No one knows. They say its haunted or there's a dead body in it and thanks,” whispered the mailman in a deep tone of voice.

I wondered to myself, “What could be in this box? Could it be like the mailman said?” I skimmed the box only to notice two things. One in big red letters it said, “DO NOT OPEN UNTIL...” It had stopped. There was no more writing left.

“Until what?” I said to myself. “Until what?” I repeated.

I had to accept it for now because that was just it. But if you looked even closer at the box you could see it had absolutely no return address. I had nothing else left to do. I mean I couldn't open the box because I didn't know if I was supposed to or not.

I had been a lonely man with a perfunctory routine for a life. My life has been dull and predictable until this box came along. So I decided I would forget about it for then and would just go to work, come home, have dinner, and examine at the box again. I was suspicious, very suspicious. What could be in the box? I was curious.

So I trudged to my job in the post office. I was the person who packages. Plus I had to wrap everything since it was nearing Christmas. Then it suddenly dawned on me that the package could be from someone for Christmas. But then again it could be something else, like what the mailman said. But it wasn't wrapped like all other presents. But it could be that it was too big for that. There were all these possible answers that had other answers that could challenge them. Then I remembered someone had to have brought it to a post office to send it in the first place. So I went and asked who sent a big package that had no address and big red letters on it and they said that no one had ever come in there with a box like that. I was disappointed.

I trudged back home and sat on my couch and as I lifted my head up I noticed the big red letters had more to say. It had gone from DO NOT OPEN UNTIL... to DO NOT OPEN UNTIL YOU HAVE FOUND... It had stopped again. I had to wait for another day to know what I had to find. So I did and the next day after work there were more words. I would finally be able to know everything that it said. So I stared and it said DO NOT OPEN UNTIL YOU HAVE FOUND THE BLACK LEATHER BOOK. I thought "What black leather book, I don't know of any black leather books?"

I searched my whole house even my basement. Then I called practically everyone I knew. Everyone said that they didn't know anything. As I paced back and forth I realized I hadn't checked my attic. I charged up the stairs, pulled down the ladder and climbed up and looked through everything. It was taking all day. It was box after box, after box. The sun went down and I was down to my last two boxes. As I slowly opened the box I stood back and there it was, the black leather book the box was talking about. I carefully and slowly opened the book, getting so excited I was practically jumping up and down, but when I looked inside, there was nothing. Absolutely nothing. The pages were all blank. I flipped through the book and then near the end

of the book there was one page that was blank but right in the middle of it, in the smallest letters I had ever seen, there was a name. The name was Charles Gant.

I had no idea who that was so I went online and looked up his name. I looked at some websites and finally found who he really was. He turned out to be a prince who before his crowning was killed by a man who they never caught. But how could he be related to me? I mean he lived all the way in Spain, I wondered.

That didn't matter at the time though. I needed to figure out what to do with the black leather book. Was I supposed to put it in the box with everything else? What was I supposed to do? So I looked at the box for a while but there was nothing. So I decided I would wait. I mean I had tons of time since it was the weekend and I don't work on weekends. So I waited but the sun had already gone down and I got sleepier and sleepier and soon I was fast asleep. The next morning I couldn't remember why I had been sleeping on the couch downstairs. Stretching, I glanced at the box and found some small letters at the bottom of the box they had instructions.

1. Wait three days for all the red letters to show up
2. Do what the red letters say
3. Mail what was found to Spain at the address of 47 Pablo Rd.
4. Once sent wait a day and open the box to see what is in it
5. Take whatever is in the box and bury it in a forest
6. Throw the box away and never mention this to anyone

I had only done steps one and two. It seemed to me as though I was way behind. Then I read the rest of the instructions. As I read the last instruction I wondered, "Why would they not want any of this to be mentioned, I mean it's a part of my life." So I went to the post office got a package and a stamp for the package, wrote the address on it and mailed it. Now steps one, two and three were finished. Now I had to wait a whole day to open the package, it was so intriguing to open it, but I couldn't.

As usual I did my daily routines and then I went home all excited to open the box. I was almost getting ready to skip home or run, I was so excited. When I got home I immediately grabbed the box and ripped it open. As I was opening it I could see that there were some clothes and accessories in it. When it was fully open I was shocked. The mailman was right all along.